Wichita Eagle

THE SWALLOWS.

O mother, will the swallows never come?
Feel my cheek, 'tis hot and burning,
And my heart is sick with yearning,
But I'm always well as soon as swallows come.

They brought me in a primrose yesterday;
And when primroses are blowing,
Then I know that winter's going,
And the swallows cannot then be far away.

Hark, my old thrush in the garden singing clear!
How I love his note to follow!
But the swallow, O the swallow,
Bringing summer with him, the summer is more dear.

And the lambs' bleat! Could I see them once again,
With their innocent sweet faces,
And their friskings, and their races!
Once I used—but now I cannot stir for pain.

Mother, lift me, all this side is growing numb;
Oh, how dark the room is! Fold me
To your bosom, tighter hold me!
Or I shall be gone before the swallows come.

And the swallows came again across the wave;
And the sky was soft and tender,
With a gleam of rainbow splendor,
As they laid their little darling in the grave.

And they often watch the swallows by her tomb;
And they strain to think, but straining
Cannot still the heart's complaining,
"She is better there where swallows never come."

And they carved the bird she loved upon her stone;
Joyous guest of summer, darting
Hither, thither, then departing
In a night, to joys of other worlds unknown.
—Spectator.

A DIFFERENCE IN CLAY.

You may not know, but Clement Scott was the young American sculptor who won such distinction abroad last fall, and over whom during the following winter society at home, with her usual fickleness, had come to rave. It is something unusual for Philadelphia to arouse herself over an American, but in Scott's case it seemed natural enough. The personal attractions of the man himself, to say nothing of the distinction Paris had bestowed upon him, were grounds sufficient for his being a social favorite.

Immediately upon his arrival from abroad he was besieged with invitations to receptions and balls, teas and dinners, and the like. Various societies gave public receptions in his honor; the country clubs lunched him, and the city clubs gave him dinners. It went very well for a time, but in a time, too, it grew most tiresome. Scott stood the whole thing as long as he could; then, breaking a dozen or more engagements, he closed his rooms and went away to the seashore. He had learned to his own satisfaction—to his own disappointment—how little society knew of his art, how little she cared, and that it was the glitter of his medal, not himself, that people loved.

It was the middle of spring when Clement Scott came to Hull. He had lived there during the summers previous to his going abroad. The sea, the cliffs, the stretches of white sand, the grass covered hills, were all very dear to him, and he smiled as he found the memories of these coming back to him. There was one memory, though, which seemed to crowd all the beauties of sea and shore from his thoughts, and then of a sudden to bring them all trooping back again, and in the light of his boyhood love.

That love was something which had never gone from his memory. In his studio in Paris he had often caught himself shaping in the soft clay the features of that one face. He was good at modeling, but however truly his hands might follow his memory, he could never seem to catch the spirit of the image in his mind; he could never put life into the face. "It is not she," he would say. "It does not love me." And then he would crush the clay into a shapeless mass and try his hand at other work.

It was very natural that Scott should feel as he did about the face he had loved in his boyhood. The circumstances were peculiar. He had saved the girl's life at the risk of his own. In crossing a track she had fastened her foot in a switch, and must have been killed had not Scott rescued her. As it was she had not escaped without injury; her arm had been run over. Some one said the child's name was Mildred Boday. Scott knew the beautiful place the Bodays had been building on the hill near his own home, and there he had carried her, with her dress torn from the shoulder, and her little white arm, cruelly crushed and bleeding, hanging at her side.

The injury was a severe one. It became necessary to amputate the child's arm close to the shoulder, and it was during this period of her confinement that Scott came to know Mildred Boday well. Young as he was, he loved the beautiful well enough to take joy in watching Mildred's sweet face, with the wealth of golden hair which hung about it, or in looking into Mildred's blue eyes, wide open with wonder or joy at his tales. When Mildred got about again Clement was her right hand man. The functions of the arm she had lost were supplied by an artificial arm of French mechanism—an arm that could be moved at will, or even taken off altogether. That arm was a source of great amusement to them. Sometimes its joints would stick, and Clement would have to rescue Mildred from some awkward position, and then they would laugh and think it a great joke.

At the close of his sixteenth year Scott went abroad and took up his sculpturing under an Italian master, first in Rome and then in Paris. Eight years afterward he received his medal, and with it the praise of the whole of Europe. Then he returned to America.

Then it was that the young sculptor, with all the glamor of a triumph abroad and in the midst of an ovation at home, left the prattles and insincerities of New York society for the quiet and for the girl in the little sea town of Hull.

He found the sea, the cliffs, the stretches of white sand all unchanged. Mildred Boday had changed. She was a woman. But she was just the same to him. There was a little formality at first, but formality could not live when they were together, and soon they came to be the same boy and girl they had been when they parted.

Scott fixed up his old studio and the workshop where he had modeled his first head. Mildred helped him to drape his walls and to place his belongings, and when they had finished it was a pretty study. Scott had ordered a block of marble from Paris, and when it came he set to work upon it to try the experiment of cutting an image directly in the marble and without the aid of the clay model. The image he was to follow was the Venus of Milo. He was doing it solely for pleasure, he said, and so worked only when he felt like it. Mildred was frequently by his side in the studio. Now and then she would pose her head to give him an idea of a curve or a line, and always it was more in fun than in seriousness that the work went on.

In a few weeks, however, the head of the Venus was freed from the stone, and to the wonderment of Mildred, the face that she had seen hewed bit by bit from the cold white marble seemed all at once to have life, to be real, and more, to be her own.

She laughed, and she cried.

"I feel as if some one had shut me up in that stone, ages and ages ago," she said, "and that only now you had come to take me out."

"And what do you suppose you would have done had I never came?" Clement asked, chiseling away at the Cupid lips of his statue.

"Always been dead, I suppose," she said with a sigh, looking up at him with a roguish smile.

The look was too much for Clement. The marble lips could not hold him when the red ones were there, just waiting to be kissed; nor could he work more that day—he was too happy.

But for some unaccountable reason society had got it into its head that young Scott, "the distinguished American sculptor," as he was commonly called, had left society and gone into seclusion to work. Strange stories got about. He was finishing a statue he had been at work upon for years, it was said, and immediately artists began to interest themselves concerning his whereabouts. The newspapers, working in the interest of the public, had made it their particular business to look into the matter. In part they were successful. They found that he was at Hull, and, because he would not be seen, they inferred that he must be working upon some masterpiece.

That was the story that went abroad. Artists and newspaper men by the score came to Hull, all anxious to catch a first glimpse of the new work of art. Scott had finished little more than the head and bust of the statue of his Venus of Milo; one of the broken arms to be was still in the crude marble, and he absolutely refused to have his work viewed and criticized by this curious crowd—at least before he had finished.

It was perhaps a week after this sort of curiosity concerning Scott's new work had set in, that Mildred and he, in the studio together, were running through a batch of letters. They were, as usual, chiefly requests for interviews, or the like. Among them was a note from the president of the Society of American Sculptors. He wished Mr. Scott to give him and a few of his brothers in art the pleasure of beholding what he felt sure was to be the greatest of American sculpture masterpieces.

Scott laughed. "What perfect nonsense!" he said, as he read the letter aloud. It was the same old flattery, and all caused, he thought, by his medal. He got up and walked across the studio to where his work stood, and pulling off the sheet that covered it called to Mildred in a dramatic voice:

"Look! the masterpiece of American sculpture!" and he pointed his finger at the half finished statue.

They both laughed, and then Mildred added more seriously, "But, Clement, it is fine."

"I am glad you like it," he said. "I don't care what they think; and, besides, what do those cads, who haven't seen any of my work, know of my work? Their praises annoy me. I doubt if some of them could tell a plaster cast from a marble cutting. They are ignoramuses in regard to art—the most of them," and Scott threw the sheet back over the statue, disgusted.

"They can't tell sculpturing when they see it," he went on. "Why, if I were to fix you up as the statue I doubt even if they would discover the deception. And, by Jove, Mildred, I'll do it! I'll fix a box to look like marble, stand you in it, drape your shoulder and whiten your hair and face. With the use of some plaster of Paris we can make your breast seem to come directly out from the rough stone: and your arm—why, Mildred, we can take that off. You will be the real Venus of Milo, and I'll wager they won't see the deception. Are you willing, Mildred?" he asked, all excitement now.

"Do you think they would be deceived?" Mildred asked. "What a joke if they were," she went on, catching the spirit of his plans. "What a joke!"

And so it was decided. Scott sent the president of the Society of American Sculptors a favorable answer to his letter. He stated the day and named the hour he should be pleased to receive his artist friends, and though he assured them his statue was quite incomplete, still he said they should have a peep at it. Mildred and himself at once began preparations for the exhibit, and long before the appointed day came they were in high glee over the prospects, for their private rehearsals had proven more than successful.

And then the trial and the end of it all came. It was a beautiful day about the first of June. The studio had been arranged with especial care for the occasion. There were bits of the sculptor's art about the room, some profiles in white against black plush upon the walls, and draperies hung in profusion.

At 2 o'clock the invited guests, artists and journalists, about a dozen in number, arrived at the little summer home of the Scotts on the hill. Clement received them and entertained them over cigars with the talk of men and things which usually interest such people. For a full hour they sat this way. He could see plainly that his guests were becoming impatient for something more exciting than talk, but still he kept them in the studio.

Some one called to see Scott. He excused himself and was gone some minutes. When he came back he was profuse in his apologies for his long absence, but he made up for the absence by unlocking the door which, as he said, led into his work room.

It was a large room, totally unfurnished, into which he led them. The sunlight streamed in through open windows and fell in streaks across the stained floor. Near the center of the room stood the half finished statue, upon which his work had really been done. There were tools and chips of marble lying about the stone as though work had just been suspended. Extending across the extreme end of the room hung a heavy, dark plush curtain.

"I suppose I should apologize, gentlemen," Clement began, "for bringing you here to see a work that is as yet so far from completion; still, since it is by your own request that you come, I hardly see what apology I can offer."

There was a chorus of "Pray, no apologies," and Scott went on, pointing to the statue in the center of the room. "This is the first study of the work you have come to see, gentlemen. Even it is quite incomplete; but still no apologies."

And so saying Scott went to the open windows, drew down the shades and shut out the sunlight. There was an uncertain glimmer in the room, which he soon steadied by lighting some reflector lamps. Then he stopped a moment before the plush curtain.

"I almost fear to show you this work, it is so imperfect," he said.

There was no reply.

He waited a moment and it grew oppressively still. He stepped to the curtains, pushed them aside, looked at his work a moment, and then joined his guests. They stood in a group at the other end of the room.

There was not a sound, not an exclamation of surprise; hardly a breath.

There before them, from what appeared to be a solid block of white marble, rose the magnificent head and full shapely bust of a goddess. It was indeed the Venus of Milo. The stone was placed so as to give but a profile view of the face, but the profile was divine. The left arm of the figure was broken quite off, while on the right side the work had not progressed far enough to disclose the broken member.

So strong was the contrast between finished and unfinished stone; so perfect, so human the finished portion of the work seemed that it was almost painful to see the rough, uncut edges of the marble press into the smooth surface of the finished breast. There was an expression about the face which seemed to say to those lookers on, "When shall I ever be taken from this cold stone?" And because they could not answer that question they were silent.

The guests glanced from one to another, then hurriedly back again to the statue, lest it should have vanished before them.

Scott stood by the side of his stone study of the Venus and noted their astonishment. Still no one spoke.

He was growing fearful of what this silence might mean, and he ventured:

"Well, is it good?" His voice sounded queerly.

There was an audible whisper.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" breathed the guests. They said no more.

It was enough. The silent spell had been broken. They had not detected the difference in clay.

And drawing the curtain before the image of his heart Clement Scott threw up the shades, letting a burst of blinding sunshine into the room.

That fall the most noticeable work of art at the exhibition of the Society of American Sculptors was a study in marble of the Venus of Milo.

It was by Clement Scott.

And society, when it learned that this same Scott, whom the winter before it had so petted, had gone to a little sea town to get him a wife, brought itself to be forgiven for once when it saw who that wife was, while the president of the sculptors said to Clement one day as he studied the face of Mildred Boday:

"Well, I see, my boy, there is a difference in clay."—Philadelphia Press.

The Way He Got Even.

I recently visited a certain part of this world where it seemed as though every other man and about half of the women whom I met were the authors of books, and not a few of them entertained the notion that I must have read or heard of their volumes of poetry or theology or romance or criticism or legisties or piety or science. I was often embarrassed by the question of new acquaintances, "Have you read my book?" and I always felt indisposed to give offense by repeating Carlyle's reply to the inquiry, "No; is it a big book?"

On one occasion, however, when a professor in the university asked me the familiar question, I bethought me of a way of relieving myself from embarrassment by abruptly, yet I hope courteously, asking, "Have you read my book?" The professor, who had not heard of my brochure, though it appeared in print ten years ago, was put in as bad a plight as he had previously put me in, and his mortification over his ignorance was even more grievous than mine. The quiddity served me ever afterward when I met an inquiring author.—John Swinton.

Civilities Exchanged.

A French gentleman who was staying at the Bellevue hotel stepped out of the hotel one morning and walked to the corner of Broad and Walnut streets to wait for a Chestnut street car. An organ grinder with a monkey started to play the "Marseillaise." The monkey tripped across to the French gentleman and held up his paw. The foreigner placed therein a coin, and the monkey took off his little red cap.

Without a thought the polite Frenchman immediately raised his own silk hat in return to the salute, and the monkey ran to his master chattering with delight, a broad grin spreading over his little brown face.—Philadelphia Press.

His Landable Intention.

Jaysmith—Can you lend me $10, Glanders?

Glanders—No. I can't. You haven't returned the $10 you borrowed last week.

Jaysmith—I know, Glanders. That is what I wanted the twenty for. I intended to pay you back in your own coin.—New York Sun.

A Glove Press.

There is a simply made appliance for the toilet table that finds great favor with the few who know of it. It consists merely of a couple of boards, carefully lined, with a heavy weight to set upon them. Neckties, laces and gloves are smoothed out after use and placed between the boards, so that, kept flat by the gentle pressure, they come out looking like new, and last much longer than if just thrown aside in a drawer or box.

To make it you take an ordinary brick, and, having dried it thoroughly, you paste brown paper right over it, packing it, as it were, neatly in a piece of paper well saturated with paste. Over this you stitch neatly a piece of brightly colored cretonne or Indian silk, or, if preferred, a piece of white leather or satin to be afterward hand painted. Then handles of strong ribbon are fixed. Two pieces of board of a suitable size are covered with the same material as the brick and lined with white silk or white muslin. The thing is made easily, but is a useful present and finds a ready sale at fancy fairs, and if prettily painted may command quite a high price, for it is novel and has a real use besides.—New York World.

SWEET APPLE CIDER.

The Old and the New Methods of Extracting the Saccharine Juice.

"The sight of a keg of sweet cider on the counter is more frequent in city restaurants nowadays than it was a dozen years ago. A piece of pumpkin pie and a glass of saccharine apple juice doubtless appeal to the country bred tastes of many a grizzled merchant and busy clerk, and call up recollections of rude old country cider mills and the great vats of amber liquor into which they once inserted the potent rye straw. Or possibly the pretty girl washing glasses at the counter reminds them of some country Pomona such as John Keats drew in his poem of "Autumn," who loved to sit beside a cider press "and watch the last slow oozings, hour by hour."

The romantic old time cider mill is being rapidly supplanted by the more thorough and trustworthy modern sort. In the old one the apples were often ground by horse power. But most frequently the cider mill was pitched beside a small stream, the power of which, half wasted on a great "overshot" wheel, was made to do the grinding. Often the supply of water would fail, or the dam or other contrivances give way, and then there was a great temptation to water the cider to make up for lost time while waiting for the dam to fill up. The pressing was done generally by an upright screw into which iron bars were thrust and pushed around by brawny arms. The writer has seen a broad backed Dutch woman helping her husband at this arduous work.

The modern cider mill, however, shows by the puffs of steam that it does not depend on dams. To be sure, there may be a dam a foot high in the neighboring ravine, a fall of water enough to work a hydraulic ram and feed the boiler. The grinder revolves at a rate which makes the building hum. The ground apple, or pulp, falls down through the floor into canvas sacks, which are hastily closed and laid in a tier of a dozen on the platform of the hydraulic press. Then down comes the cover with irresistible power, and the essence of the apple gurgles into the vat. From here a pump, also propelled by steam, forces the liquid up into a large vat, from which it can be drawn into barrels by turning a spigot. In old times the loading of a barrel of cider, weighing over 400 pounds, occupied the close attention of several brawny men, as they rolled it up a pair of "skids," with a concert of "heave ons." But now a pair of barrel tongs, a rope thrown over a windlass, having a large wheel for the hand rope, and the muscle of one man lifts the barrel and swings it into the wagon.

It is a strong argument for the sweet cider drinker that the pomace left after pressing is absolutely worthless as a food for anything or as a fertilizer. The virtue of the apple must therefore go with the juice.

The best cider is that made late in the season from the best matured fruit. Cold weather also conduces to its keeping well. Russet apples make about the finest cider in the market, and it will bring an extra price. Some other varieties, Newtown pippins or crab apples, make very fine thick cider. If properly worked, cleared of pomace, and kept air tight in clean new barrels, it will keep all winter as rich and pleasant as a sherry wine, while, of course, less alcoholic and so less harmless.

The pleasure of "sucking cider through a straw" is not always attainable, as straws are not everywhere convenient at hand. An excellent substitute for the straw is a stick of macaroni.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Where Air Is Solid.

The Bible house of Constantinople has been often described. I was conducted through it by the son of Dr. Bliss, so many years in charge of it, and who but a few months before had died at Assioot, on the Nile, as described in a former letter. The Bible house is very well adapted to its purpose, marked in all its departments by evidences of American energy, and also by indications of conservative management.

Looking out of one of the upper windows, I perceived a long, low block by the side of the Bible house, and said to Mr. Bliss:

"Does the Bible house corporation own that block?"

"It does not."

"When that is removed, if buildings of the character of the others in the street are erected your magnificent views from these windows will be cut off."

"No," said he; "they cannot do that. We own the air."

"What does that mean?"

"There is a custom in Constantinople of selling the air above the houses, which makes it impossible for the owner of the building to build above a certain point, and we have taken pains to purchase the air between here and the end of the block."—Dr. J. M. Ruckley in Christian Advocate.

Suspected It.

Weary Citizen (to young man next door)—That seems to be a very fine violin. I have heard you playing it a great deal. It is quite a valuable one, is it not?

Young Man—Yes. Been in the family over a hundred years.

(Fiddles away.)

Weary Citizen—May I ask what it is worth?

Young Man (stopping his fiddling a moment)—It's worth about $3,000, I guess.

(Fiddles away.)

Weary Citizen (exploding)—What do you think you're worth, young man?

Young Man (unruffled)—Jes' Ain't worth a darn.

(Fiddles away.)—Chicago Tribune.

RED MEN.

Past Great Incohonees Who Have Died. Other Items.

Twelve of the thirty-one Past Great Incohonees of the order have died—viz., William G. Gorsuch, of Maryland; Hugh Latham, of Virginia; William B. Davis, of Pennsylvania; Robert Sullivan, of Maryland; George A. Peter, of Ohio; Daniel W. Carter, of Delaware; Panton Coates, of Ohio; Richard Marley, of Maryland; Angus Cameron, of Pennsylvania; James Maris, of Delaware; Joshua P. Rielly, of Virginia, and Morris H. Gorham, of Pennsylvania.

Brothers visiting Philadelphia will receive a warm welcome at the rooms of the Red Men's league, 928 Race street.

Camden, N. J., has eleven tribes, a degree council and a degree of Pocahontas.

A tribe will in a few suns be instituted at Elmwood, Ind., with a charter membership of forty-four.

Eighteen members of Tecumseh Tribe of Asbury Park, N. J., have organized a brass band.

The subject of admitting members into the order at the age of 12 great suns is again being discussed.

How Horse Tastes.

Physically it may be distinguished from beef or mutton by its appearance. It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull beef more than any other. It is darker in color, and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and a peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavor is generally considered to be half way between the flavors of beef and game; it is something like the flavor of hare.

One reason why horseflesh is as a rule darker in color than beef is that horses which are poleaxed, or which have died from injury, disease or old age, are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horseflesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horseflesh is not generally mixed with the lean.

It is yellow in color. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently, unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed, an advanced price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss of unsold meat.

Lastly, horseflesh can be distinguished from beef by its chemical characteristics, and it is in this way that it may be recognized when mixed with other substances. Who can tell, except the chemist, what are the component parts of a sausage, polony or saveloy? Or who can tell by taste what those parts are? We do not judge by taste; we judge by flavor, and the making of flavor—to use Sam Weller's phrase—"It's the seasoning as does it."—Nineteenth Century.

The Truth About the Unicorn.

In "Curious Creatures in Zoology," by John Ashton, the unicorn familiar to most people from the bottom of plates, where it is represented as conducting a perpetual clothes line fight with the lion, gets a good deal of notoriety, and travelers have sworn up hill and down dale that they have seen it, and that it looked something like a horse with a long twisted horn coming out of the middle of his forehead. The horn was a sure antidote to poison, and Queen Elizabeth had one that was valued at what would now be about $150,000. Of course it was the horn of a narwal, and they got the story mixed with the rhinoceros, which, according to the old circus story, is an expensive animal, costing piles and piles of money.—Chicago Tribune.

Fruits in Japan.

"My wife and I have been in Yokohama seventeen years," said Thomas L. Boag, "and we are going back to England to live. Japan is a good enough place to live in"——

"If you can't get away," put in Mrs. Boag.

"The climate is pleasant, but it's only a place to make money in. Old married people such as we are can get along, but it's lonely for a young man. It isn't like home."

"There's not a fruit there fit to eat except grapes," said Mrs. Boag, "and they're woolly."

"Yes, the grapes have a few hairs on them, and they taste queer," admitted Mr. Boag. "They have tried apples and pears up in the northern part of the island of Yeddo, and they are fine. But the nearest thing to an apple in Yokohama is 'nashi,' which has meat like a coarse pear and a flavor like nothing else I know of."—Chicago Tribune.

Very Funny.

First Tramp—Funny thing happened today.

Second Tramp—What was it?

First Tramp—Lady gave me meat—told me to split wood—I told her I wouldn't do it—she called out a big bulldog——

Second Tramp—Call that funny?

First Tramp—Yes; I thought I'd split.—Detroit Free Press.

A Sincere Admirer.

Ethel—How I wish I could play like you! Edith—It's very kind of you to say so.

Ethel—Oh, I admire your playing so much! It must take many, many years of practice to learn to play so well.—New York Sun.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Man-afraid-to-talk-back-to-his-mother-in-law (flourishing knife)—Wah, me bad Injun; take paleface scalp.

Mr. Man-out-west—Don't trouble yourself, my friend; allow me to hand it to you.—Life.